



Water's Grace



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Chapter 1 by Ji

I've always loved water. When I was a kid, it was everything to me: I drank it, bathed in it, played with it, and played *in* it.

I used to love sitting by the ocean, with the hot sun prickling my chicken flesh and the blue water cooling it. The water was such a mystery to me: How did we know so little about the ocean, yet loved it so much?

I'm sure that's a metaphor for something, but trust me, I'm not that deep.

Anyway, the water was my life.

And so, when it came time for me to say a watery goodbye to my old ma and pa, I naturally decided that I should spend my life figuring out the mysterious of the deep blue.

I hadn't done too great in school--I was too distracted by everything around me--so I became a sailor.

Yeah, a sailor. In this modern world, too. And I got one of those dinky anchor tattoos too, one of those "never sink" ones.

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I'm lying! Anchors sink, even in the deep.

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I didn't want to do it.

But I guess it was my lack of experience or maybe just lack of intelligence, like I said: I never went to college, but yeah a few months in I found myself doing exactly that: sinking.

There's nothing quite like sinking in the middle of the ocean, though.

It was at night, too! I couldn't see even ten feet in front of me, yet it felt like I was in some sort of watery abyss--drowning, in the middle of darkness. You think you feel alone when you're the only one home?

Phooey. Try bailing out your little dinghy hundreds of miles away from civilization in the darkness of night. Kinda puts your puny human life into perspective. Gives you a respect for nature.

It's not fun, though. No, it's really not. I don't know how I survived that day. I should've died.

I'm here now, though. So, settle in, pour yourself a glass, and let me tell you the tale.

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